## CLUB LIFE IN PARIS

A Subject of Interest to All True Frenchmen.

CAUSES FEELING AND BITTERNESS

The Merry Row That Has Started Among the Aristocrats.

REFUSING CANDIDATES

cial Correspondence of The Evening Star. PARIS, April 20, 1897. THILE CLUB LIFE in Paris counts for nothing with the average citizen, club talk is really more were he of London or New York. "Clubmen" - they have taken the word bodily into the Frenchare dwellers of the mild and serene air; their rames and

deeds are known, their families, their alliances, their patrimonies and their debts; a most respectful good-old-servant press-the Figaro and Gaulois-garralous and indiscreet at times, but never meaning ill, lives by recording their displacements and their doings; and the "potins," or the gossip stories, of the "clubs" form part of the most red republican's da'ly reading, though in secret. For "the clubman" in Paris is no other than the born aristocrat, and the four clubs are merely a rearrangement of the male Four Hundred, which is several thousand.

The Jockey Club, the Cercle of the Union Simple and that of the Union Artistique and the Cercle of the Rue Royale are four earthly paradises of a most peculiar tint of atmosphere. A lover of paradox might say that any Parisian seriously aspiring to membership may count with confidence on his reception into one of them in the due course of time. What he would really mean, of course, is that no Parisian



other than one to the manner born could crack-brained enough to dream of such an elevation. This is so much true—and so much against the spirit of the times as well—that every adult male in Paris can talk learnedly, and does, of a stupendous trembling of the earth beneath the Jockey Club, which has just threatened to shake something like new life into that very sol-emn group of crest-bearing sports.

No Parvenu Need Apply.

The trouble had its rise in the desire of the more modern members of the racing committee of the Society of Encouragement for the Amelioration of the Equine Race to receive into its bosom certain foremost, rich, renowned and altogether worthy proprietors of racing stables, men like Albert



do today.

The Latest Event. Menier, Edmond Blanc of Monte Carlo fame and fortune, and Achille Fould, the Jewish banker and philanthropist. The Jockey Club said no. The Jockey Club would have no parvenu, no late arrival, howsoever qualified, well-viewed by the great racing public, or deserving on the score of present interest or past services to the French race track. Its high memever been held to that measure of protesting sympathy. The latest event in Paris club life, therefore, comes with all the disquieting novelty of a new doctrine.

At the annual meeting of the Cercle of the Union the members had to replace three committeemen, the Comte de Moltke, deceased, and the Comte Louis de Turenne and M. de Giers resigning. It only needed to be known that these two resignations were motived by not the blackballing, but the simple "adjournment" of a candidate protected by the well-known sportsman and the councilior of the Russian embassy to start the club world into a very special excitement, for here indeed was something new. bers, as the very street boys of Paris ex-plain to each other, desire to keep to them-selves what has become, in the evolution of the great Parisian public life, a very good thing, quite uncontemplated by its



interested patriarchal grands seigneurs founders. This good thing is no other in the control of Longchamps, Chantilly disinterested patriarchal

and Fontainbleau, the greatest of French race tracks. The really peculiar thing is how an aristocratic club, a club in the true sense, as understood in England and America, comes to have such a proud voice in the matters of a turf kept up for the great part by racing stables whose proprie-tors it will not admit to its deliberations.

Its Dual Character.

The key to the mystery is to be found in

Society of Encouragement for the Amelioration of the Equine Race, a collection of

might easily result—and has resulted—that for the sake of peace and out of natural good-fellowship and kindliness, politeness, courtesy and cuiture the club-life party should control the Jockey Club and leave the sportsmen the control of the society. Now the society as an old-founded correction.

Now the society, as an old-founded corpora-tion with concessions from the state, con-cessions based on public services connect-

ed with that Equine Race Amelioration which its title boasts, continues to control the three race tracks it founded, fostered

and maintained. The Jockey Club, on the other hand, continues to be the mere club, tolerated rather than possessed of rights. And yet it is the spirit of the Jockey Club which seeks to dictate to the society—which is, and yet is not itself—and balk the racing public of an act of progress ardently desired by the society as well.

A State of Things.

In a word, the proposition to admit the

great outside proprietors to the delibera-

tions of the racing committee of the so-

ciety has been peremptorily sat on by the

club-thanks to the voting system of the

club and the society's foundation rule to

the effect that the committee must be

chosen only from the club membership, which is, of course, the membership of the society; and the three millionaires, the

banker Fould, the roulette banker Blanc.

ors, interior dissensions and the public

utility. The racing committee of the so-ciety has already rented a place, close,

very close, indeed, it is said, to the Jockey,

very close, indeed, it is said, to the Jockey, and its last words are to the latter:

"We are a legal corporation and can defend ourselves. Who are you, the Jockey Club? a club, a simple club, though, if you wish, also the highest emanation of pure aristocracy. All of which comes back to the simple fact that your legal existence is on sufferance, tolerated like the merest social or political gathering of more than twenty people, and so subject to inspec-

twenty people, and so subject to inspec-tion, regulation and dispersal even! Con-

sent then to democratise yourselves—or it is rupture!"

Baron Hirsch's Revenge.

The influence of the three slighted mil-

lionaires, Blanc, Fould and Menier, is

greater, I imagine, in the Paris of today

than it would have been even twelve or

fifteen years ago, and their several fortunes joined together must be greater than that left behind him by the Jewish philan-

thropist, yet the revenge of Baron Hirsch is not likely to be duplicated in these days of matter of fact. Baron Hirsch had been

proposed for membersalp in the club of

the Rue Royale by two particularly in-fluential sponsors, two great ducal names, of which one was royal, the Duc de Char-

tres, grandson of Louis Philippe and brother of the Comte de Paris, and the Duc de la Tremoille. The patronage of the first named, indeed, must in itself have seemed sufficient to impose no matter what

seemed suincient to impose no matter what candidature, which was, perhaps, an ele-ment of weight in the disaster, the club holding to its independence. It is an old tale, how the Baron Hirsch revenged him-

self on the club of the Rue Royale. He borght, through agents, the old Hotel de Coislin, where the club has always had

its seat, and as the owner had no wish to sell and so required to be well tempted the price was a high one, even for ven-

the price was a high one, even for ven-geance. Then he gave notice to his clubly tenants to vacate. A true baronial re-verge! But stop. The story always ends thus, it is true, in anecdote. In fact, how-ever, we have not yet got to the revenge of Baron Hirsch at all, at all. After long weeks of fright and self-reproach of

weeks of fright and self-reproach, of pleadings, arguments and consultations, the club of the Rue Royale was granted most

magnanimously the privilege of buying the Hotel de Coislin back at twice the fancy price which Baron Hirsch's outraged pride

had paid for it. Which was the baron's vengeance! Not the other. In reality it was as matter of fact as anything that M. Fould or M. Blanc or M. Menier might

History gives us to believe that the Duc

de Chartres was grieved at the blackballing

of his protege, though not roused to the

point of sending in his resignation to the

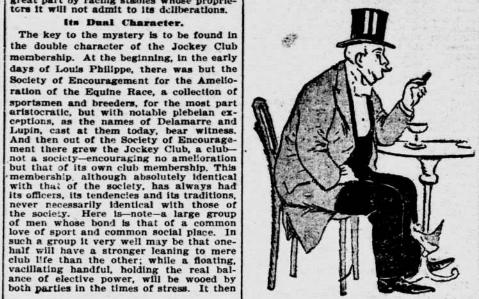
club. Nor have such grieved sponsors

ever been held to that measure of pro-

Seeking a Motive. The candidate, a foreign personality highly esteemed in Paris, had nothing against him to call for-or excuse-"adjournment." There had been no usual

whispers of a possible hostility, and it had

whispers of a possible hostility, and it had for that reason been impossible to warn M. de Giers and the Comte de Turenne to withdraw their man until, say, the next meeting. What happened was the practical blackbailling of "adjournment." The story is that the blow was struck at the desire of "un grand seigneur etranger," as the Paris journals reticently put it, or the heir to an empire on which the sun sets not, as it is whispered. Whether or not this allegation must be put down to the romance which, in the Parisian mind, imputes all kind of international social mysteries to the will of Albert Edward, it is certain that no one has had the courage to invent the victim of the motive.



or pass him in the Parisian struggle for life. has chanced to cross some one in the way

Electing Members. There are clubs, like that of the Union Artistique, where the members are too numerous to vote. The candidate would have to submit his chance to those who might happen to be present on some day, and who would not be those of the day before or the day after. And how could all the members interest themselves in finding out the situation of the candidate? It has been a wise thing, therefore, to delegate all power to a committee which informs itself, questions the sponsors, and accepts or puts off without talk.

At the Union, at the Jockey Club and at the Rue Royale, ever since the club has reached the number of 600 members, they have a ballot for the candidates, and one black ball always annuls several white ones. But the honor of the candidate is always out of the question. Sympathy alone is understood to come into play, and the sponsors cannot take it ill that their candidate is put off because he is not "sympathetic" to certain members. The rebuff may seem harder to bear for the members of the committee in whom the club her of the committee in whom the club has shown its confidence, as in the case of M. de Giers and the Comte de Turenne. But even here the turning down of their man does not touch them directly, since a small minority and the least caprice are enough to cause it.

Blackballing Applicants.

Fifteen years ago, in this same club of the Union, which is the most aristocratic of all,-a "veritable salon where conversation between diplomats and men of the world has always an air of knowing wit and refinement"-the Duc de San' Arpino, a member of the committee, had his can-



and the Duc de San' Arpino remained on the committee. At the Jockey Club, fath-ers have had their sons refused. It is thus a victous circle is maintained. "They refused my candidate! I'll refuse And so the slapping and hair-pull-rishes, to make Parisian clubs the ing flourishes, to make Parisian civery peculiar institutions that they

From the Buffalo Commercial. He dressed himself from top ter toe
Ter beat the lates' fashion.
He give his boots a extra glow,
His dickey glistered like the snow,
He slicked his hair exactly so,
An' all ter indicate "his passion."
He tried his hull three ties afore
He kep' the one on that he wore,

Her!

All afternoon she laid abed
Ter make her featurs brighter.
She tried on every geoun she hed.
She rasped her nails until they bled,
A dozen times she fuzzed her hed.
An' put on stuff to make her whiter,
An' fussed till she'd a-cried, she said,
But that 'ld make her eyes so red.

Them!
They sot together in the dark
'Ithout a light, excep' their spark.
An' neither could have told or guessed
Which way the other un was dressed







Contrasts Between the Arctic and Antarctic Worlds.

A Courtin' Call.

STERLING HEILIG.



"I don't see anything I want-





At the Jockey Club, as well as at the Union, an unknown person who is well presented by popular sponsors has more chance of being received at once than a Parisian who is well known, well received in society, and well put forward, but who

VEGETATION FLOURISHES AT THE NORTH But There is a Dearth of Living Things at the South.

OTHER MARKED DIFFERENCES

HERE ARE NO REgions of the earth's surface concerning which greater misconception exists than the regions, lying antipodally to one another, which stretch poleward beyend the arctic and antarctic circles. Both of these tracts in the popular mind

are the embodiment of forbidding terrors, with little of those softer qualities of nature to relieve them which so charmingly diversify and make pleasurably habitable the less distant quarters of the globe. In each the eye sees pictures of interminable snows and ice masses, of giant icebergs towering to mountain heights, of bleak and inhospitable shores, and tempest tossed seas, while the mind conjures up visions of disaster, of dreary toll and staggering misfortune to all who venture within the portals of the black night. To this we add a climate of rigorous severity, and the picture virtually frames itself.

All these conditions are material and truly existing, but they must be accepted with their proper limitations. It is not alone that the mind has blindly taught itself conditions that are only partially existent or emphasized certain qualities which the sterner demands of truth would have shorn of their rough outer cover, but it has persistently paved the way for that grosser exaggeration which time alone can efface. It has united Arctica and Antarctica as

The Gentler Mood of the Arctic World With all that may be wanting of those qualities which have made dear to us the special regions which we inhabit, the far north has not been so completely neglected north has not been so completely neglected as to be devoid of individual charms of its own. There are gleams of nature in its smiling mood, and a genial sunshine casts the varen breath of life over an inviting landscape. Meadows and mountain or no doubt: what the ultimate success may be can only be determined by future exploration.

ANGELO HEILPRIN. viting landscape. Meadows and mountain sides throw to the eye a verdure of green, sides throw to the eye a verdure of green, relieved by a bounteous display of bright coloring—the celoring of the yellow poppy, of the mountain pink, the buttercup, starwort potentilla and dwarf rhododendron. Over all is spread an azure blue sky, and around and about the tumbling brooks and cascades sing their woes to the sea, while merry birds chant the usual morning and evening anthems. It is, indeed, the land-scape of high Switzerland—the landscape of the border snows, with its fields of grass, evening anthems. It is, indeed, the landscape of high Switzerland—the landscape
of the border srows, with its fields of grass,
of gentian and Alpine rose. We are yet
with the busy bees and restless butterfly;
to the ear, in concert with the music of
rills and rivulets, comes the piping of thousands of n.osquitos which lend their aid to
give voice to the landscape. This is a
true arctic picture, and one that represents
the northern world not in a near corner of
its borderland of civilization, but very
nearly in its furthest point that has been nearly in its furthest point that has been reached by man. It is the summer aspect, the landscape of July and August, of a re gion removed only 500-600 miles from the pole. It is one of the widely differing aspects under which the arctic world pre-sents itself to us—a winter aspect of rugged severity, and a summer aspect of joyous repose.

An Antarette Contrast.

The dwarf birch, a diminutive treelet barely eight inches in greatest height, with a "trunk" not thicker than a lead pencil, and with leaves of about the size of a coffee bern, is perhaps, the most northerly of al! "foresters"-at any rate, a competitor with the arctic willow for this suprem-acy. The tiny forests which it constructs, so tiny that a whole one could rest peacefully within the shade of a large hat held over it extend well to the 82d parallel of latitude, and perhaps considerably further. They are part components of a vegetation which in arctic America numbers not less which in arctic America numbers not less than 80 species of flowering plants beyond the 80th paralllel of latitude. In Siberia tree life in its grander forms pushes well to the northward, for, as we are informed by Norderskfold, the elements of the pine and fir forests along the Jenissel river, so far north as approximately the 70th parfar north as approximately the 70th par-allel, are still of colossal dimensions.

How bleakly contrasting is the region of the far south! Not a tree south of the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude, not a single fifty-fifth parallel of latitude, not a single flowering plant within the antarctic circle, not a single moss to add color to the bare and rugged rocks which only at distant intervals thrust out their uncovered heads from the snow and ice fields which perpetually veil the landscape. A solitary lichen on Possession Island and on Victoria Land opposite, near Cape Adare, is all that today stands for the vegetation of the antarctic world—a contribution to knowlthat today stands for the vegetation of the antarctic world—a contribution to knowledge which in itself is hardly two years old. No trace of a strictly terrestrial fauna, whether of quadruped, reptile, insect or mollusk, has yet been discovered to give life to this inhospitable tract. No song, twitter, chirp or hum is known to give life to the southern landscape—there appears to be nothing to respond to the awakening call of a returning summer or to the mild breath of the milday summer's sun. More than strange, indeed, is the contrasting landscape of the north, where musk oxen well toward the eighty-second parallel of latitude still browse upon the fertility of the land. fertility of the land.

The Eccentricities of Climate. It appears to be a prevalent belief that the climate of the two regions under consideration is, a very similar one, about equally rigorous, and showing but little of those alternations of heat and cold which are assumed so be distinctive of the more favored regions of the south. It is truly in the north, however, that some of the most marked seasonal changes are to be met with. The summer months bring with them a genial temperature varying but a few degrees from the freezing point, and tempered in the open sunlight by an additional heat of 30 or 30 degrees. It is no uncommon thing to see the thermometer, during the months of June-August, marking 70 to 75 degrees of the Fahrenheit scale. Every winters probably, sees very nearly the lowest point registered for the world, from 60 to 32 degrees; at Verkhojansk, a Russian hamlet in Siberia, the thermometer has in two successive winters registered 30 degrees. No such extreme temperature as that of the parth has ever been recorded from the south, her does it appear likely that, except, possibly, ever the interior of the great ice mass which builds up what has so often been designated the antarctic continent, it will ever be noted. It is true that no winter has yet been passed in even an approximate extreme south, but the indications point to a much less rigorous expression than is presented by the northcontrary to the ordinary belief regarding the southern climate. That which constitutes the climatic limbospitality of the far south is the diminished summer heat—the dreary fogs that navigate the atmosphere, and, replacing the energy which in the north develops that lovely carpeting of grass and flowers which takes to itself the charms of the upland meadows of Switzerland, render desolate a region that extends far into what may be properly designated the habitable zone. Man's habitations in the northern hemisphere extend to the seventy-eighth parallel of latitude, and formerly extended to the eighty-second; in equally rigorous, and showing but little of those alternations of heat and cold which

Summer Sunshine in Antarctics.

Yet even this inhospitable region of the outh, with its forbidding ice-bound coasts, its towering bergs scattered through seemingly interminable fields of ice, its barrer and deserted rocks and giant glaciers and glacier walls, is not wholly wanting in the balm of a radiant sun. Capt. Kristensen, the commander of the Antarctic, and who, with Borchgrevink and some others, made the first landing on Victoria Land (or what is commonly assumed to be a part of the great Antarctic continent), reports that on January 5, 1895, when approximately on the 68th parallel of latitude, "the sun at noon gave so much heat that I took my coat off, and the crew were lying basking in the sunshine on the forecastle;" and thirty-four years earlier, while sailing between the 60th and 63d parallels of latitude, Biscoe recorded that "the temperature of the water was 31 degrees, of the air in the shade 45 degrees, in the sun 77 degrees, with a corresponding general warmth to the feelings of the crew." What then, it may be asked, is the proximal cause of the vast glacier walls, is not wholly wanting in the asked, is the proximal cause of the vast difference between the physiographic and biologic conditions which determine the aspects of the two regions? Seemingly, it is a lower summer temperature, which, even with a comparatively mild winter, has not essence enough to give vitality of growth to either animal or vegetable organisms or to dissignte the products of the winter rigors. The Relative Accessibility of the Two It is hardly possible in our present lim-

ited knoweldge of the antarctic regions, nearly all of which dates from a period more than half a century ago, to give a just estimate of the possibilities of reachmaking a true comparison of the relative accessibilities of the two regions. We are today, thanks to the energies more par-ticularly of Peary and Nansen, fairly well acquainted with what the north-holds out -its points of easy trespass, its dangers, its success of chance. To within less than 300 miles of the pole, or to latitude 86 degrees, 13 minutes, 6 seconds, the footsteps of the explorer have now carried him; and to a distance but a few miles south of this has the power of a steam vessel, the Fram, penetrated. Without doubt the conquest of the pole will be effected before many years have passed. Strange though it may years have passed. Strange though it may appear, the most successful effort to wrest the veil of obscurity from Antarctica was that of 1841, when the gallant Sir James Clark Ross, or some of his men, succeeded in forcing a passage, despite the insufficiency of their resources, to quite or approximately the 78th parallel of latitude. At about that point a huge barrier of ice, rising several hundred feet above the water surface, interposed itself to further prosurface, interposed itself to further pro gress. There were no Eskimos to give assistance, no accessible land base from It has united Arctica and Antarctica as legions of equal, or, at least, of very similar conditions; it pictures the opposite lolar tracts of the globe as representing an almost identical phase of nature. In truth, however, the two regions, while very similar in some respects, are markedly different in others, not only in their general physiographical contours—the mutual relations of land and water, the relief of the land, etc., do they depart from one another, but likewise in that which pertains to climate, in the fectures of animal and vegetable life and in the physical activities that are there manifested.

sistance, no accessible land base from which to direct operations within the ice-bound realm which appealed so forcibly to further exploration. No subsequent effort has even shadowed the brilliancy of Ross' work and daring, which, strange to say, have stood as the practical limit of man's aspirations in this direction. And yet it is known that Ross had for his power the sailing vessel only, and with no steam to heip extricate it from a besetting ocean or surrounding ice. Ross significantly states that with additional resources he might have effected a landing beside the cone of giant Erebus, and conducted operations. might have effected a landing beside the cone of giant Erebus, and conducted operations far within the dreary snows that pass beyond—how far, it can naturally not be told. But the evidence is sufficient to point it will have become commonplace in the region of the far north. That the exploration is measurably feasible admits of little

Employes as Stockholders. From Engineering. A scheme which has been in operation for twenty years in Whitworth's gunmaking establishment at Manchester has now been extended to Elswick with a slight change in the return, and an official anployes receiving quarterly wages. Interest will be allowed on such deposits at the will be allowed on such deposits at the fixed rate of 4 per cent per annum, payable half-yearly, and in addition a bonus will be paid, on the declaration of the company's dividend, at the rate per annum of half the difference between the fixed rate of 4 per cent and the dividend. Sums that have been deposited with the

company for a less period than three months prior to June 30 next preceding the declaration of the annual dividend will not be entitled to the bonus. Sums that have been deposited for a period longer than three months, but less than twelve months, prior to June 30 in any year will receive a proportionate amount of the bonus. The bonus will be credited to each depositor should he so desire it, and will be added to the principal due to him as and from the date of payment. Deposits withdrawn will be entitled to interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum from June 30 last preced-ing up to the date of repayment of the de-But no interest or bonus will be allowed on sums of less than 10s., or in respect of any period being a fraction of a ndar month. Arrangements for easy withdrawals are made.

... Co-Operative Applause.

From the Chicago Tribune. One night Sara Bernhardt was playing "Fedora" to a crowded house. The poison scene, as usual, elicited a tempest of applause from the audience; but ere the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet had completely died away loud peals of laughter burst forth from the upper part of the theater. The sober-minded people in the boxes and stalls gazed reproachfully at the bolsterous "gods," but in a moment they, too, began to laugh, for in the front row of the balcony, and in full view of all stood two one-armed men, who, unconscious of the amusement which they caused, were energetically co-operating to prolong the applause by clapping their remaining hands together.

Revision Needed.

From Punch. Wilkins-"Such idloms as 'Between the devil and the deep sea,' though very expressive, are not exactly up to date." Simpson-"They're not? Well, how would

you improve on the one you quoted, for in-Wilkins—"Well, I think a more modern plan would be to say 'Between the trolley car and the scorcher."

Good Answer. From Harper's Bazar.

"Why do you Americans talk through your noses?" asked Lord Toplofty. "I don't know," said Hicks. "Possibly be cause our ancestors didn't all have hats to talk through, like you English."

Some Unwritten History of His Great Campaign.

WHEN HE SOUGHT TO BE SENATOR

Interesting Reminiscences of the War President.

HIS LIKING FOR STORIES

(Copyrighted, 1897, by Frank G. Carpenter.)



HAVE BEFORE me two autograph letters of Abraham Lincoln which have never been published. They were written six years before he was elected President of the United States, just after his first great campaign with Stephen A. Douglas, during which he made a national reputation as

ing their central point, and therefore of an anti-slavery leader. At this time Lincoln's great ambition was to be the next United States senator from Illinois. He had the right to think that he would be chosen, for it was through his speeches that an anti-slavery legislature had been elected. The campaign had been made up of debates between Lincoln and Douglas, and Lincoln had routed Douglas at every point. In his joint debate at Chicago Lincoln made one of his great speeches. Douglas replied and said he would conclude his address in the evening. When evening came he failed to appear. The next denate was at Peoria, where Lincoln made the speech which he refers to in one of the letters which I quote below. This speech showed Douglas that ne could not compete with Lincoln. After the meeting was over he came to him and asked him to give up the joint debates, and proposed that neither he nor Lincoln should speak more during the campaign. This Lincoln agreed to, and both retired from the stump. The result of Lincoin's speeches, however, was such and the reeling against the Nebraska bill for the admitting of slavery into the territories was such that an anti-slavery legislature was elected. Of the majority, however, five were democrats and the rehowever, five were democrats and the re-mainder whigs. The pro-slavery democrats were scheming to see if they could not tie the vote or in some way complicate mat-ters so as to re-elect General Shields, the democratic senator, whose term had just ended, and who was a candidate to succeed himself. It was in regard to this election that the following letters were written. They were addressed to General Henderson, who has for years been one of the leading members of Congress from illinois, and who forty years ago was a member of the Illinois legislature. The first letter reads: ended, and who was a candidate to succeed first letter reads;
"SPRINGFIELD, November 27, 1854.

"T. J. Henderson, Esq.
"My Dear Sir—

"It has come round that a whig may, by possibility, be elected to the U. S. Senate; and I want the chance of being the man— You are a member of the Legislature, and bave a vote to give—Think it over, and see whether you can do better than to go for

"Write me, at all events; and let this be

when Lincoln wrote it: "SPRINGFIELD, December 15, 1854. 'Hon. T. J. Henderson:

"Dear Sir: Yours of the 11th was received last night and for which I thank you-Of course I prefer myself to all others; yet it is neither in my heart nor my conscience it is neither in my neart nor my conscience to say I am any better man than Mr. Wil-liams—We shall have a terrible struggle with our adversaries—They are desperate and bent on desperate deeds—I accidentally learned of one of the leaders here writing to a member south of here in about the

following language:
"'We are beaten—They have a clear majerity of at least nine on joint ballot—they outnumber us—but we must outnanage them—Douglas must be sustained—We must elect the Speaker; and we must elect a Nebraska U. S. Senator or elect none at

"Similar letters no doubt are written to every Nebraska member—Be considering I was chatting not long since with Edhow we can best meet and fool and beat them—I send you by this mail a copy of Bee, about his experiences with Lincoln my Peorla speech—You may have seen it before; or you may not think it worth see-

"Do not speak of the Nebraska letter mentioned above. I do not wish it to become public that I have received such information." Yours truly,
"A. LINCOLN."

It was nearly three months after this last letter that the election occurred. Hender-son gave his vote for Lincoln and on the first ballot Lincoln nad a plurality, hav-ing forty-five votes. General Shields, the democratic candidate, had forty-one votes. and the five anti-slavery democrats voted for Lyman Trumbull. These five stuck to Trumbull for seven ballots and then Lir coln, seeing that there was danger that they might go to Shields, advised his friends to vote for Trumbull, and so Lyman Trumto vote for Trumbull, and so Lyman Trumbull was elected. Upon going to the Senate Trumbull opposed Douglas and the democrats on the slavery question, and in 1861 was re-elected to the Senate as a republican. He was one of the first members of the Senate to propose the amendment to the Constitution for the abolition of slavery, and he aided Lincoln materially during his administration as President. Lincoln, I am told, was much disappointed. Lincoln, I am told, was much disappointed in not getting to the Senate. His fight, however, brought him to the front as an anti-slavery leader, and it may be called the beginning of the wave which rolled him into the presidential chair. If all of Lincoln's letters could be got

together they would make a most interest-ing collection. He was an excellent writer, and the late W. D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, who was known as "Pig-iron Kelley," used to tell me that Lincoln compared with Shakespeare in genius, and that he was Shakespeare in genius, and that he was great as a writer, a statesman and soldier. Lincoln never wasted words in his writings. Here is a copy of a series of indorsements of his of a man who wanted to be chaplain in the army. Lincoln was President at the time and Stanton Secretary of War. The indorsements cover the back of the application and run down below on a

limit in Fuegia, in the fifty-fifth parallel, fully 350 miles nearer to the equator than where, as in the Shetland Islands, ladies disport in the game of tennis in lawn dresses.

LINCOLN IN POLITICS

slip of paper which has been pasted there to receive them. They read as follows:

Dear Stanton: Appoint this man chaplain in the army.

(Signed)

(Signed)

A. Lincoln: He is not a preacher.
Dear Mr. Lincoln: He is not a preacher.
E. M. STANTON. (Signed)
The following indorses ew months later, but come just below: Dear Stanton: He is now. (Signed)

(Signed)

A. LINCOLN.

Dear Mr. Lincoln: But there is no ve (Signed) E. M. STANTON. Dear Stanton: Appoint him chaplain-a

A. LINCOLN. Dear Mr. Lincoln: There is no warrant of

(Signed)

Dear Stanton: Appoint him anyhow.
(Signed)

A. LINCOLN.
Dear Mr. Lincoln: I will not.
E. M. STANTON. (Signed) E. M. STANTON.

The result was that the appointment was not made, but the man was evidently told that his papers would be kept on file, for they are to be seen in the War Department now, testimonles to the nerve of Stanton and the friendship of Lincoln.

Lincoln's Autobiography.

This brevity is found in all Lincoln's letters, but in none more than that which he prepared when giving a sketch of himself for Charles Lanman's Dictionary of Congress. The congressman of today uses from three hundred to a thousand words in the sketch which he prepares of himself for the Congressional Directory. Lincoln got the story of his life into fifty words. Here is what he wrote: "Born 1800, it: Harding county, Kentucky. Education, defective. Profession, lawyer. Have beet: a captain of volunteers in Black Hawk war. Postmaster at a very small

Hawk war. Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of Illinoblegislature, and was a member of the lower house of Congress.

"Yours, etc., A. LINCOLN."

"Yours, etc.,
Many other incidents of Lincoln's modesty might be found in his correspondence. While he wanted to go to the United States Senate, he did not think he was fit to be President, and there is an autograph letter of his, now owned by a man in Nebraska, which states his views on this subject. This letter was written April 26, 1859, to Mr. T. J. Pickets of Rock Island, Illinois, Among other things it tookide. Illinois. Among other things, it included

the following:
"As to the other matter you kindly men "As to the other matter you kindly men-tioned, I must in candor say I do not think myself fit for the presidency. I certainly am flattered and gratified that some par-tial friends think of me in that connection, but I really think it best for our cause that no concerted effort such as you sug-gest may be made. Let this be considered confidential. (Signed) "A. LINCOLN."

A Queer Request for a Pass. A railroad man showed me a copy the

other day of a letter of Lincoln's returning a railroad pass and asking for another. The original letter was found during the war in one of the offices of a leading railroad company, and the man who owns it road company, and the man who owns it now, I am told, paid fifty dollars for it. I have not seen the original, but here is the copy, leaving out the name:

"SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 16, 1853.
"B. B. Blank, esq.:
"Dear Sir: Says Tom to John: 'Here's your old rotten wheelbarrow. I've broken it usen on it. I wish you would mend it, case I should want to borrow it this afternoon.'

"Acting on this as a precedent, I say: Here's your 'old chalked hat.' I wish you would take it, and send me a new one, case I shall want to use it on the 1st of March. "Yours truly,

(Signed) "A. LINCOLN." Lincoln's Best Stories.

It is wonderful how many stories President Lincoln told. Senator Voorhees, who died the other day, said that Lincoln had more stories than any other man he had ever met. He had a story for every occasion, and he illustrated everything by anecdote. Some of the best stories current
today originated with Lincoln and hundreds
of his best stories have never been published. Senator Voorhees had preserved a
number which he expected to use in the
lectures which he was preparing at the
time he died. Here is one he told at the
Capitol only a short time ago. "It was,"
said he, "in illustration of some parties who "Write me, at all events; and let this be confidential—
"Yours truly,
"A. LINCOLN."

To this letter Mr. Henderson replied that he would like to vote for Lincoln, but that he was in doubt whether he ought to throw his strength to him or to another candidate, named Williams, both Lincoln and Williams being friends of his father and himself.

Mr. Lincoln's Reply.

In reply Mr. Lincoln wrote the letter which I here give. The ink with which it was penned is almost as black today as was penned is almost as black today as linker.

Of his best stories have never been published. Senator Voorhees had preserved a number which he expected to use in the lectures which he was preparing at the Capitol only a short time ago. "It was," said he, "in illustration of some parties who had been making a great fuss about Lincoln's administration without having any ground for doing so. They had charged all sort of things and, arguing from their own can being a very bad man. President Lincoln out as being a very bad man. President Lincoln told me that their action reminded him of a law suit in which he was once engaged. The opposing lawyer was a glib gaged. The opposing lawyer was a glib talker, but a very light weight as a thinker and not at all careful as to the truth of his statements. This man made the first speech to the jury and Lincoln followed. He open-

ed his speech by saying:

"My friend who has just spoken to you would be all right if it were not for one thing, and I don't know that you ought to Islame him for that, for he can't help it. What I refer to is his reckless statements without any ground of truth. You have without any ground of truth. You have seen instances of this in his speech to you. Now, the reason of this lies in the constitution of his mind. The moment he begins to talk all his mental operations cease, and he is not responsible. He is, in fact, much like a little steamboat that I saw on the Sangamon river when I was engaged in boat-ing there. This little steamer had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

A Story of the War.

I was chatting not long since with Edduring the darkest days of the war. He told me that he believed Lincoln got relaxation by his story telling, and that the hearing or telling of a good story gave him the mental rest that he so much need-ed during those brain-taxing days. These stories came out under the most trying circumstances and at the most solemn times. A striking instance of this was just after the battle of Fredericksburg. After the Union armies were defeated as the Union armies were defeated an official who had seen the battle hurried to Washington. He reached there about midnight and went directly to the White House. President Lincoln had not yet retired, and the man was at once received. Lincoln had the man was at once received. Lincoln had already heard some reports of the battle. He was feeling very sad and rested his head upon his hands while the story was repeated to him. As the man saw his intense suffering he remarked:

"I wish, Mr. President, that I might be a messenger of good news instead of bad. I wish I could tell you how to conquer or to get rid of these rebellious states."

At this President Lincoln looked up and a smile came across his face as he said.

At this President Lincoln looked up and a smile came across his face as he said:
"That reminds me of two boys out in Illinois who took a short cut across an orchard. When they were in the middle of the field they saw a vicious dog bounding toward them. One of the boys was sly enough to climb up a tree, but the other ran around the tree, with the dog following. He kept running until, by making smaller circles than it was possible for his pursuer to make, he gained upon the dog sufficiently to grasp his tail. He held on to the tail with a desperate grip until nearly exhausted, when he called to the boy up the tree to come down and help.

"What for?" said the boy.
"I want you to help me let this dog go."
"Now." concluded President Lincoln, "if I could only let the rebel states go it would be all right. But I am compelled to hold on to them and make them stay."

Lincoln and the Kickers.

Lincoln and the Kickers. Some of Lincoln's best stories were told in answer to the criticisms made upon his administration. There was a large class of northerners who were always objecting to everything that was done. They made a great fuss, and they greatly injured the administration. The worst of these critics were those who complained about the war not moving fast enough. To a party of such men from the west he once said:

"Gentlemen, I want you to suppose a case for a moment. Suppose that all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin, the famous rope-walker, to carry across the Niagara Falls on a tight rope. Would you shake the rope while he was passing over it, or keep shouting to him:

"Blondin, stoop a little more! Go a little faster?"

"No; I am sure you would not. You would hold your breath as well as your tengue, and keep your hands off until he was safely over. Now, the government is in the same altuation. It is carrying an immense weight across a stormy ocean. Untold treasures are in its hands. It is doing the best it can. Don't badger it! Just keep still and it will get you safely over!" FRANK G. CARPENTER. to everything that was done. They mad

"They say," said Jones, "that the content woman is going out."
"Yes, there she goes," said Brown, as pretty little wife tripped down the stranger and kissed her hand to him.—Harper's

